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WAR CRY

THE
OFFICIAL
GAZETTE
OF THE
SALVATION
ARMY IN
CANADA
AND
NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 43. [WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.





RIGHT HON. EARL OF MEATH,
A sympathizer with the great Social Scheme.

Seek for the Lost.

In the second place, I said that any scheme to be permanently effective must seek out the suffering. Now, it seems to me that the relation between the giver and the receiver in the work of mercy are very much strained at the present day. There is a sort of feeling abroad that every man wants to protect himself against the appeals for help that come from the beggar, the thief man, and the harlot. They seem to say when the winter comes, "Oh, now we shall have an army of poor, woe-begone, sin-stricken creatures attacking us!" There is a feeling existing, I fancy, something like the inhabitants of a Roman town situated in the dense forest here, when the winter winds begin to blow, and the snow commences to descend, and the hungry wolves howl in the distance. They say, "Shut the gates, and lock to the walls, and keep off these wolves."

So here the action of church and state seems to say, on the approach of bad weather or bad times, "We are surrounded by packs of wolves. Look out, the paupers, the criminals and tramps will be in upon us!" They will come down from Tower Hill—from the East End and elsewhere. Naturally, they cannot say, "Your money or your life!" But they will say, "Your money or your patience." Is it not so? Do not those who have nothing feel that those who have anything are their hated prey, while those who have anything feel that they must protect themselves against those who have nothing?

Now, this feeling appears to me to be all wrong. Our Lord and Master intimated that if an ox or had fallen into a pit it was the duty of somebody to haste away to pull it out. In our day if a man is in the pit it is to let him stay there. (Cheers.) If in this neighborhood, say a few miles away, a flock of sheep had got into an old disused stone quarry, where they were dying of hunger and tearing each other in their efforts to escape, and with broken, bleeding limbs were bleating all through the long night, would not their cries of anguish harrow up the people who live near by? Would not the women say to their husbands, "Go and deliver these sheep, or get them out of their pain?" But here all around us, in this very London, with all its wealth and luxury, its parties, its balls, its dancing, and singing, and gambling, with money flowing in boundless streams, with Jesus Christ represented on every hand as men and women and children, weeping, bleeding and cursing, and cannot help themselves and cannot get out, dying of slow starvation; dying, not before our eyes—would to God they were, for then there would be some chance of improvement—but dying all the same. (Hear, hear.)

And Why Not?

Now, I say we want a system of things that will make us go and fetch these people out of this sea. Men travel far to find gold, to get diamonds, to gather diamonds, to search for costly treasures. Why should they not strive to save men? (Applause.) The Lord Jesus said, "How much better is a man than a sheep?" But in our day sheep have come to be considered of far more value than man. You can get something for a sheep, but nobody will give you anything for a man.

This must show a very degraded state of things. There must be great confusion somewhere. Something must be sadly wrong. It must be rectified. We must find the people, and seek their rescue. Don't we do this when anything happens in a sensational manner? If there is a colliery explosion, men volunteer most cheerfully. Do we not read in the newspapers how they stand in long lines at the pit mouth with their picks on their shoulders—the ordinary men, the overmen, the engineers—ready to risk their lives and fight their way through the dark subterranean passages that they may find the poor fellows overcome with noxious gases, and drag them to the top? And those rescuers are made the heroes of the people, and win the applause of every newspaper throughout the world. I want to know why should there be all this interest and anxiety about saving a dozen or twenty or forty people in peril and suffering in a coal mine, while here are those thousands, my hundreds of thousands, who are dying of poverty and neglect; dying of broken hearts, dying of despair, when they can be saved for this life, say, where as the Salvationists believe, they can be saved for the life to come? I say, "Let us go for them." (Applause.)

Erection of the Necessary Machinery.
Now, we have endeavored to set upon this

this principle. We have done so to a certain extent. I fancy that you will have patience with us. Our Scheme is only in its infancy—it is not yet four years old—and we had almost everything to learn in the way of methods and skill and management. True, we had got to work upon the Women's Rescue side of things, and at the present time we are reaping the advantage of our past experience in that department. But with regard to the larger portion of our plans, we had our work to invent, our plans to decide upon, our agents to create. Although we had the raw material—thank God, any quantity of it—at the same time we had to mould and fashion and to drill these workers. However, I think we have in this direction sunk some shafts down into these mines. We have fired our Food Depots and our Shelters throughout this city, and in some other cities. We have built, so to speak, our Lifeboats and assembled them, and they are going out into the storm picking up poor, shipwrecked people, and, as I shall show before I sit down, bringing them safely to shore. (Applause.)

When you find these people, I contend that you must supply their immediate wants. We say a man has a right to live. I suppose no one here will be prepared to deny that proposition, even though his life may be of some little inconvenience to those around him. If everyone had to die whose life was an inconvenience to anybody else, we should soon all have to die to oblige one another. (Laughter.) And if a man has to live, then he has a right to those things which are necessary to keep him in existence—that is, he has a right to a sufficient amount of food and shelter to sustain him. Therefore, acting on that principle, we have gone to work to provide him with food. When you find a man half-frozen, you take him into life, draw the water from him, pour the hot coffee into him;

clothing when in these desolate circumstances. We are acting on this principle. We have established eleven Cheap Food Depots, supplying sixty thousand meals per week. These meals are composed of the most wholesome food that we can get; the charges ranging from one farthing upwards. Although this is meant for children, for that small coin an adult can get that which will stave off the pangs of hunger. We have, since this Scheme was commenced, supplied no less than ten and a-half millions of cheap meals.

We have also, as is well known, large Slum operations. That is, we take a little cottage in the darkest and dimmest neighborhoods we can find, and there are some dark and dreary places in this luxurious city, and we have women, whom I believe Cardinal Manning described as "slum angels." (Applause.) In these dark slums we fix these "angels." During last year, I understand, they nursed three thousand sick people, besides going from house to house helping with domestic work, guiding and advising the mothers, healing the quarrels, and doing what they could to make this life a little smoother, as well as preparing the poor slummers for the better life which is to come. (Applause.)

Again, we have the Shelters, which are only a sort of humble home to which any poor shipwrecked man or woman may come and find refuge; for we have one for women in London, and are making arrangements to establish another.

Take, for instance, the Shelter in the Blackfriars Road. I suppose you would find eight hundred men gathered there to-night. The lowest charge is one penny. For this we provide a man with a comfortable, warm room, in which he can sit and sleep without being disturbed; with a piece of bread; with hot and cold water in which he can wash his shirt—if he has the good fortune to possess



RIGHT HON. LORD BRASSEY,
Enlightened the Social Scheme at the "Darkest Night" Annual Meeting.

this!" I fancy I hear some one say. "It is all very well to tell us we can go to these people; but what to pay the piper? Not everybody can put forth an appeal like General Booth and get thousands of pounds in reply." (Laughter.) I only wish I could; I hope to get something to-night, though! (Laughter.) Well, what is the cost? With regard to everything we are doing, the cost becomes less and less as time goes on. Don't go and compare the figures I am about to give with the balance-sheet of last year, because we are doing the work a little cheaper this year; and this time next year, wherever lives to read the report, I hope they will have to announce it has been done cheaper still. The feeding and sheltering of these millions is being done at the cost of something like £1,000 per annum. In other words, we take hold of seventeen poor, hungry, homeless people, and either feed or sleep the whole household for the cost to the Army of one penny. Seventeen men sheltered, washed, prayed with, sung to, warmed and fed for one penny, that is, in addition to the penny they pay themselves. Truly, I do not know how it can be done much cheaper than that! (Applause.)

The high rents and rates we have to pay for our buildings must be borne in mind. We have to take hold of any buildings we can get. A great deal has been said about landlording; I wish something could be done to soften the hearts of landlords towards the Salvation Army. (Laughter.) But, in addition to rent, I do think it is rather hard lines to be forced to pay, as I believe we are doing at the present time, £1,000 in poor and other rates in London alone, when all the while we are doing the real work of the Poor Law Union. (Hear, hear.) Instead of taking £1,000 from them they ought to give £1,000 to us. (Applause.)

Another plank in my platform is that this Scheme should not before every man an opportunity of getting out of the dark sea. I do think we ought to do that, at the very least. Some folks, I know, say that these thieves steal; these drunkards will get drunk; these loafers will be idle. Well, at any rate, there ought to be an open door for every man who wants to do better.

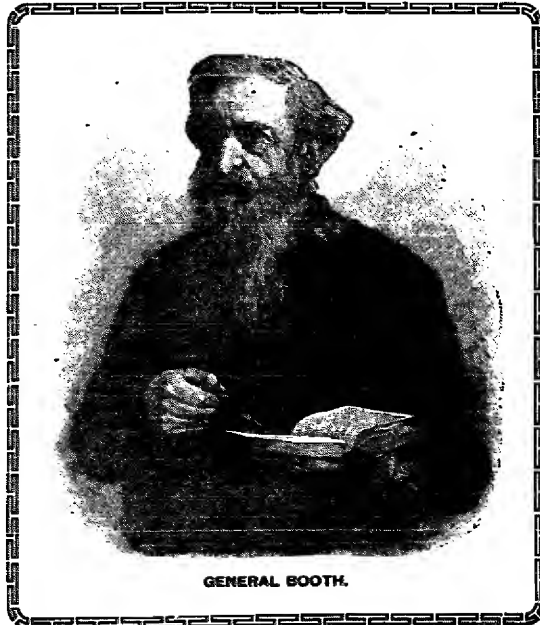
Heartless Conventional Classification.

It seems to me that we go about making a wrong classification of the poor. What is the ordinary classification? We all know that for the purposes of relief, the poor are divided into the deserving and the undeserving classes. They say that the deserving poor must be helped, the undeserving must be helped, because you cannot do it effectively. They are beyond deliverance, and outside the pale of sympathy, on the ground of unworthiness. Of the former class it is said, "Let us enquire into the man's character; let us know what his habits are. Did he ever get drunk? or, did his father ever get drunk? or his grandfather ever commit himself?" (Laughter.) Is he an honest man? I wouldn't like you to go and very particularly enquire about my grandfather. (Much laughter.) That is, if you are going to punish me for his sins, or judge my character by his. I wouldn't like to go very carefully to my own history, if you are going right away back; for one of the first recollections of my early days is getting up "so early in the morning," and going up stairs in my night-gown to get some apples out of a cupboard in an attic to carry to my sisters. (Loud laughter.)

They say, "The deserving and the undeserving poor." No, I say your classification is wrong. Let us have a classification that speaks on this wise, "Help those who want to be helped, and never mind what their past has been." (Applause.) A man comes and says, "Oh, organization, oh, authority, oh, minister, help me! Have mercy upon me, a miserable creature!" They say, "No, we cannot have mercy on you, because you are a miserable sinner; we would have mercy on you if you had been a proper, decent saint!" (Laughter.)

That is wrong! No harlot, no thief, no poor lost creature ought in this great city, to stretch out their hands and say they want to be good—they know they have been bad, and brought this misery upon themselves—without giving them a chance of deliverance. (Prolonged and hearty approval.) If other organizations turn their backs upon them, if other charities close their doors upon them, let the Salvation Army door be wide open. (Applause.)

If I had time I think I could show you how little this opportunity is possessed; how, in



GENERAL BOOTH.

and when you have nursed him back to life, you begin to consider what must be done with him, and to maintain him in existence. I contend that we are doing that as far as our capital will allow. Our scale is limited, but the nation ought to do it for the entire population. She ought not to allow any man or woman to die of hunger. (Applause.) This obligation will be admitted to apply individually to every person in this hall. If this very night your servant were to announce that a poor, strange, woe-begone man had staggered to your door, and was sitting on the pavement outside your house, groaning as if likely to die before many minutes had passed by, "You must go and see to that poor man on the pavement, or else I will go for a divorce to-morrow morning!" (Laughter.)

The Duty of Society.

And if it be the duty of the individual it must be the duty of society. Society stands, so to speak, in the place of a father to its people. The father must look not only after the well-to-do members of the family, but the needy members as well; the father of a father or mother would not permit them to leave out the feeble and suffering. Society ought to set the father's part, and there ought to be a sort of Father's House in every township and in every city, where poor creatures can go and obtain food, shelter and

care—(Laughter)—and with family prayer and salvation songs—(Hear, hear)—together with much kindly counsel and advice as he may need. If he wants to do something better, he can rise and be passed from thence to our factories, and onwards and upwards, and never come back again to these depths of misery. (Applause.) No less than 4,160 persons sleep in our Shelters every night; and from the commencement three millions have slept there.



JOHN CORY, Esq., J.P.,
Chairman of the Annual Meeting of the Social Scheme in the Queen's Hall, London.

Who Pays the Piper?

"Let us hear something about the cost of

Sinner, accept Christ as your Saviour. He offers His only Son to you. Take Him, aye, with both hands and heart: take Christ, the Father's gift.

The Grace-before-Meat Boxes as well as the far-away Gipseland I thought it is no easy matter to find.

others at a distance by consuming the goods produced or manufactured by them, and thereby balanced the matter so far as the working classes are concerned.

The General had not time to give the cheering answer that he usually furnishes on this score; namely, that when once his Col. Over-Son is fairly at work he will be able to remove from the over-crowded labor market a larger number of individuals than the other parts of his Scheme are likely to introduce to it.

In the third place they say that we have interfered with the market by means of our cheap labor. But our labor is not cheap. Everybody who knows it wonders how we manage so well with the unskilled labor which costs nearly 10s. a week per man, especially when we could get the skilled agricultural labor, as you know, for 10s., 12s., and 14s. a week.

They further say, "You get your capital for nothing." True, we get some capital, but we get it out of the pockets of the capitalists, and spend it for the benefit of the poor. (Loud applause.) If all the farms and factories in this Kingdom of ours were worked on the same principle as this H. H. H. Farm, what would happen? The capitalists would furnish the money, while the people would work the machinery, do the cultivation, share the profits, and own the land, together with all the improvements, and, as the result, poverty would be at an end.

There have been passed through the Farm 1,570 men. Of these, sixty-five per cent. have been hopeful cases; thirty-five per cent. have been returned to friends; twenty have been sent to stations; twenty have emigrated; twenty-eight have enlisted in H.M. Army; 510 have left with situations in view; and six others were otherwise satisfied. Consider, considering that the thing is only in its infancy, I don't think that is a bad record.

The Great Question of Finance.

What has been done with the money? Thrown into an Essex swamp. (Laughter.) That is the idea you get from the statements freely circulated by some authorities. Let me give you the true facts. We received, under the second promise, £112,468, and have had in donations since then £49,200, making a total of £161,668. We have spent £219,000, consequently there is a debt upon the Darkest England Scheme of £58,000. We have also received £28,000 for Bazaar; but I separate the Bazaar Scheme from these.

We have spent in capital account £150,000, and in working and maintaining the Scheme, £69,000, making a total of £219,000. Now, £150,000 of this large sum of money has been spent in capital account; in other words, we have made a railway, a District Railway. We have also the plant and machinery; we have the cattle and fruit orchards that have cost £40 an acre to prepare and plant. These have not been sold or given; they are there. (Cheers.) The £69,000 has been spent in the purchase of a half-year, which is only about £15,000 per annum, making this Scheme, in the Food and Shelter and other branches of the work, and in the carrying out of the operations of the Scheme generally, and it is not a great deal of money when the results are taken into consideration. (Cheers.)

There is just one word I would like to say about the trustee question. "Why don't you give a trustee?" I am asked, and I sometimes feel like saying, "How much will you give me?" Well, now, I have said again and again what my position is. Such is the character of the Army and the Scheme, the nature of our toil, and such are our arrangements, that it would not be wise to place ourselves under the power of any individual, nor knowing how far their sympathies would go out towards our peculiar methods and arrangements. All our friends, and nearly every one who understands the matter, are satisfied with our arrangements. I think I could prove to any gentleman on this platform who understands accounts—and I suppose they all do—that our peculiar arrangements render it all but impossible for any legal plan to be constructed to make our funds more secure for the purposes for which they have been contributed than they are at the present time. But, as I have said before, I am perfectly prepared to take Government trust. The appointment of such an official has, I believe, been on the Board for a long time, and whenever the Government appoint such a trustee I will take him as trustee for the Salvation Army.

What about the Over-Son Colony? I have said in my country—I have said upon the land which I think is suitable—but I want to know what the response to my present appeal will be. I have selected the land—I have little question as to that—and now all I ask for is the money to carry out the Over-Son Colony part of my enterprise into effect. With the heavy liabilities at present resting upon me, no real friend of the movement would ask me to go further into debt. I cannot—I dare not. When the money is furnished I will proceed as quickly as possible to complete this work. (Applause.)

Honor, accept Christ as your Saviour. God Himself offers His only Son to you just now. Take Him, say, with both hands and all your heart; take Christ, the Father's precious gift.

The Grace-before-Meat Boxes are filling up in the far-away Cripplegate Lane, although it is no easy matter to find out where the Grace Box is in such scattered districts.

The States Greet Canada.

Pembina, N.D., Invaded—Three Days' Camp—The City Welcomes the Salvation Army—A Kind Mayor—Grand Army Bravadoes—Enthusiastic Salvationists—Stars and Stripes—A Saved Frenchman—A Model Circle.

BY MAJOR READ.

We have always nursed the idea that some day we should be privileged to spend a few days in Salvation warfare on American soil. At last expectation bloomed into realization, and, be it understood, we have spent three of the happiest days of our whole Salvation Army experience, in a small city of North Dakota, called Pembina, the centre of one of our Circle Corps, lies on the boundary line. Around it, chiefly in North Dakota, are several flourishing brigades, the whole forming a model circle.

These Dakota farmers make good Salvationists, and Captain Bailey has the honor to lead them to glorious victory and success.

Pembina is a sweet rural city. The Army have not yet been heard of. In the heart of the town is a beautiful grove, with platform fitted up—a regular paradise. Gladly did the Pembinaites from this part to us, and great excitement prevailed when these Americans found that the Salvation Army were coming.

Of course, we don't go back on Canada, and we do not mind the Maple Leaf; but we felt a little proud to march behind that attractive star and stripes, kindly loaned to us by kind friends. Then the kindness we received, and the expressions of good-will on all hands, made us feel like—well, a certain Canadian Staff officer was heard to make certain statements about a transfer to the—111 Regt., putting all these things aside, certain it is that we had a loyal United States reception all round.

For some months the townfolk had been baring for water. At last a flow had been struck, but, oh, the disappointment! It was not water. Salvationists brought their own spiritual water with them, which flowed freely and made glad the city of Pembina. Curiosity and a certain amount of reserve were shown on Saturday night. They had never been in close contact with the S. A. and did not understand us, but this system disappeared on Sunday, and some crowds flocked to every meeting. Happy farming Salvationists drove in from all parts, and it literally astonished the Pembina folk to see sixty Salvationists march up and down the street, dressed in bright red, blue, and yellow. What wonderful crowds stood round us in the open air! How they listened to the heart-timings of "Happy Bill" and "Lively Joe." Bill had "bored" in that very town, but now he was changed. Joe, too, captivated the crowd by his quaint, original way of giving out the Gospel.

What strange coincidences happen in S. A. warfare! Mr. Full, our host, an old resident of Charlestown, P. E. I., is well acquainted with our former N. F. Secretary, Captain V. Just. This naturally called up old memories. Quickly did Mr. Full produce the portrait of Captain Just as he appeared in early days. Then the Methodist minister wanted to know how long it was since we left Newfoundland, telling us that his home was in Carleton Place. Moore is this gentleman's name, and he knows full well what the Labrador mission work is like, having had practical experience. He mentioned the names of Dean, Beddoe, and others with whom he was acquainted. Such circumstances make this world feel small.

Sunday was a triumphant day all through. Many of the dear soldiers had never before taken part in an Army march as their respective brigades are so small. They were completely captivated with the little Army drill which we had.



A STREET SCENE IN FREMANTLE, Western Australia.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, Perth, Western Australia.

Five dear people came to the platform in the bellows meeting and cried for deliverance and one sister sought mercy at night. Splendid free will offerings were given, one open-air crowd giving over \$5.

Especially and lastly the crowds hung upon Mrs. Read's words during her Bible readings, and their joy seemed full when some of the soldiers danced before God—and they do dance in the States.

NOTES.

Pembina is a little town ripe for the formation of a corps.

These dear Dakota soldiers only want to know the Salvation Army, and they will be second to none in loyalty and devotion.

A friend kindly gave us all the milk we needed, and our waste was supplied on this line.

Emerson, although commercially dead, still can heart of a few lively, happy Salvationists, and Brother and Sister Christie are still practical friends.

The Grand Army boys enjoyed the meetings.

The Mayor proposed a vote of thanks to the S. A. after the Sunday's meetings, saying how the whole city had enjoyed and profited by the meetings.

God bless the folks who loaned us the chairs and richly reward the lumber merchant who let us have all the lumber we needed.

The saved Frenchman was all there. He was a professional drinker, and errand, and tea drinker, but "Me good man now," said he. The folks believe in him, too.

God Bless Pembina! This city deserves a good Salvation Army corps.

Tuesday—It has been some time since you have heard from Tuesday; but we still live to praise the God we love. Considering the warm weather, we are having very good crowds and some blessed meetings. We had a visit from Edna Wiseman, who is doing all he can to help and cheer us up. We can say, "God bless our District Officer." We have just started children's meetings; these have not been any held for about three years; The children are delighted. About twenty-five were with us on Sunday. Three little girls out of that number walked over six miles. Their mother was a faithful soldier, but she said good-bye to them a month ago to be with Jesus. The children are trying to fill their mother's place. God bless the little ones, we mean to do all we can to help them. —Lieutenant Menden and Captain Townell.

The Winnipeg Band in Jail.

BY MR. MAJOR READ.

For once the band boys looked very serious. Their usually bright faces were expressions of sympathy for their unfortunate brothers incarcerated behind gloomy prison walls.

They had marched from the camp grounds after knee-drill Sunday morning to try by the strains of sweet music to cheer the long, unoccupied hours of

The Prisoner's Sabbath.

With several other comrades we had filed into the jail and surrounded the cells of the poor men waiting eagerly for us.

The Army is warmly welcomed and appreciated by the officials and prisoners of Portage Jail.

The efforts of the local Salvationists have been much blessed, and more than one to-day can date the commencement of a "new life" to the time when

The Story of Emancipation

through the "power of the Cross," was told by soldier or officer in this prison.

The band played several selections, which were eagerly listened to by the men.

Brother Johnny and Sister Habkir sang,

"Hail me in the clove of the Rock."

also Bandmaster Canton sang and spoke.

Testimonies were given by a good number of bandmen, soldiers, and officers. A few verses from "the Word," and we have a prayer meeting.

More than one was in tears before we left

That Cage-like Prison

and stepped out into the clear, beautiful sunlight.

Never did we realize how sweet is freedom than as we stood in the bright morning light—contrasting as it did with the darkness and gloom left behind—and listened to the strains of

"Home, sweet home."

Never was band music more appreciated than by those whose sin has shut all music out of their own lives. Poor souls! We do thank God for a salvation that "opens the prison house of sin" and "proclaims liberty to the captive," and the "opening of the Prison to them that are bound."

May the Winnipeg band go on and scatter light, life, and

Music in the Dark Places

and hearts that are burdened and sad. God has blessed their efforts in the past, and of all our blessed meetings in the camp, we consider the one in the prison most the most interesting and profitable.

May the dear Lord bless the prisoners and save every one.

Paris.

With sword and shield we go to fight
The devil and his clowns;
Though strong and mighty are their hosts,
A handful makes them run.

We are only a handful here compared with the numbers that fight against us, but, nevertheless, we have the Saviour with us. Who never yet lost a battle, and with His help we are able to scatter the foe. We are having good times spiritually. Crowds inside small; open-air good; marches large and lively. We are bent on victory.—WM. McLAUGHLIN, S.C.

Truro, N.S.—We are still pressing on and fighting away under our great Commander, sure of having the victory if we put our trust in Him. On Monday, July 2nd, our officers and ten soldiers went to Spring Hill to assist Edna Ouchison, who was having some special meetings. We had a grand time, and returned Tuesday evening. Lieutenant Fugh, Eastern Provincial agent for the Grace-before-Meat boxes, was with us for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and succeeded in giving out a large number of these boxes.—ROBERT E. FARRER, S.C.

How They Die.

MARTIN LUTHER.

In all his attacks of illness, Luther displayed unwavering faith in God, and submission to His will. Once when apparently in extremis, he began to pray thus: "Dear Heavenly Father, if Thou wilt that this shall be my last hour on earth, Thy gracious will be done." He continued, with uplifted eyes and deep devotion, to recite the Lord's Prayer, and the fifty-first and sixth Psalms. Shortly after he began again to pray, and said: "Lord God, who art dear to my heart, Thou knowest how sweetly I would have shed my blood for the sake of Thy Word: but I am not worthy of the honor, and Thy will be done. If Thou pleasest I will cheerfully die. Only let Thy holy name be glorified, whether I live or die. But Lord, if it were possible, I would desire to live longer, only for the sake of Thy holy elect people. But if the hour has come, do as it seems right in Thy sight; for Thou art the Lord, one in His and deity. Thou hast led me into the midst of the Reformation: Thou knowest it is Thy word and truth. Do not suffer the enemies to rejoice, so that they should triumphantly ask of me, 'Where is their God?' But glorify Thy holy name to the confusion and shame of the opposers of Thy saving truth. Oh, my blessed Lord Jesus, Thou hast graciously vouchsafed to me a knowledge of Thy most holy name. Thou knowest that I believe in Thee, together with the Father and the Spirit, as one true God, and I comfort myself with the precious doctrine that Thou art our Mediator and Redeemer, who hast shed Thy blood for our sins. Stand by me in this trying hour, and uphold me with Thy Holy Spirit."

He was born and baptized at Eisleben, and here, on the 17th February, he was seized with his fatal illness. He had written a few days before with cheerfulness in prospect of returning home, and had even asked Philip Melancthon to come to meet him. But he soon found that the attack was a serious one, and he prepared for his being mortal. On the 18th he said to Dr. Jonas:

"Oh, how ill I feel; I believe I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born and baptized."

To which Dr. Jonas, and Ambrose the servant, replied:

"Oh, reverend father! God, our Heavenly Father, will afford help, through Christ, Whom you have preached."

Then he, without cessation or support, passed through the chamber into the kitchen, repeating these words: "In nomine domini commendo spiritum meum, redemptori meo, Domine, Deus veritatis" (Into Thy hands I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth).

It is not necessary to repeat all the details of these painful last hours; but make much bold suffering and oppression, the spirit of the Holy Spirit was supported by faith in his God and Father. Many precious things he said, and among them this prayer or meditation was taken down by some who heard it:

"Oh, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; Thou God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, and whom I have loved and preached, and confessed. I pray Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul into Thy care. Oh, Heavenly Father, although I must leave this body and be taken away from this life, I nevertheless know assuredly that I shall be with Thee for ever, and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hands."

He afterwards said:

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that all who believe in Him might not perish, but have eternal life." And he added, the words from the sixty-sixth Psalm: "Our God is the God of salvation, and God the Lord delivers from death."

The last utterance heard from his lips was in response to the question put to him in a loud voice by Dr. Jonas: "Reverend father, do you die in firm adherence to Christ, and the doctrine you have preached?" He answered, so as to be heard by all, who were standing round, "Yes, yes!" Not long after he fell asleep peacefully in the Lord; February 18, 1546 Anno Domini 63.

"This man who follow Christ are the new regenerators of mankind. In spite of the poverty of their education, it is such men as compose the Salvation Army who are uplifting mankind."—Missionary Tidings Yokohama (Japan).



REV. H. R. HAWES.

This meeting is the most interesting I have attended for a long time. I believe, if I live to the age of Methuselah, I should never attend a more inspiring gathering. I believe in General Booth. (Cheers.) I am not a rich man, but I have ordered my banker for these years to pay a little sum into the account of the Social Science (Hear, hear.) I advise everybody who has got a bank to do the same, and everybody who has not a bank to do double. What General Booth wants is not brains, because he is not a fool. (Laughter.) He is not wanting in fellow-workers, but he wants money, and he must have money; he will have money, and we, if we are not fools ourselves generally, will be willing to give money for good purposes, when we know that that money will go to these good purposes. (Cheers.) I know some time ago people used to ask me, "Do you, as a clergyman of the Church of England, believe in conversions by drums and trumpets?" I said, "If you cannot convert people in any other way, I would convert them with drums and trumpets rather than not convert them at all." (Cheers.) But it is not the drums and trumpets that convert people. (Cheers.) The drums is sounded to these people where they may get conversion, to cheer them on, and to show them that there is a great battle to be fought, and that they may not die in the ranks, but live and conquer in the ranks. (Cheers.)

As I listened to General Booth one thing came upon me intensely, and that was his exalting Christ-like spirit. (Cheers.) What struck me from the very first and drew me to General Booth and his agencies—for I have inspected these agencies just—I have inspected General Booth—(Chr. Anthem.) "Here he is again!"—yes, if he had done nothing else for Denmark, he had then shed that bright ray upon it, he would have done more than many hundreds in the Church of England. We do not

believe too much in human nature. General Booth has told us that no man is so low but that he can be lifted up. (Applause.) There is no need for anyone to despair. That is the message of hope we all want. We want to be reminded that God Almighty has made us so well that with all his wickedness man cannot efface that Divine image. (Cheers.) There is something Divine about a man that you cannot destroy, and it is for the General's teachers to go and speak to the angels in the sun and in the women, and go on speaking, and singing, and praising till out of the depths that angelic voice makes a sublime rejoinder. (Cheers.) There is one other thing I would like to call your attention to, and that is the way in which the General has rubbed it into the rich men and the capitalists. (Cheers.) What troubles every thoughtful mind and every feeling heart is the great gap between the rich and the poor—the rich growing richer, and the poor growing poorer—and the great dark, hideous gulf fixed between them. The General has reminded wealth of its responsibilities. He is looking forward to the time of which Tennyson speaks—

"When wealth no more shall rest in moulded heaps,
But, with wealth from life, should slowly melt
In heavy streams to drain lower lands;
And light incarnate, red men like a man
Through all the meadows of the golden year."

(Applause.) And if there is one note of comfort, and joy, and aspiration with which I would desire to close my seconding the vote of thanks to the worthy and good man who sits in the chair—(Cheers)—on behalf of a worthy and great cause, I would lift my feeble voice in these sublime lines, which will go home to the heart of General Booth;

"Ring in the valiant man, and free
The larger heart—ag, the larger heart—the knifeler
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

(Applause.)

proble, was overtaken in snow storm. He could not see where he was going, but he held on in the direction which he thought led home. The fight with the elements was hard and long, until at last, exhausted and despairing of ever reaching home, he lay down to die.

His friends, starting out after the storm, to search for him, found his dead body within a few rods of his own doorstep.

Oh, how much this is like cases we have known, of those who fought their way through many apparently insurmountable difficulties, and yet have given up discouraged when the worst was over, and victory was just ahead.

May God help each of us, not only to go on, but go through it not only endure, but conquer to the end. VERNIE JOSE.

(Witness, Thursday, July 12, 1894.)

THE "ARMY" WAS IN THE RIGHT.

A SALVATION SOLDIER ARRESTED BY A CONSTABLE.

THE REAL OFFENDER ALLOWED TO ESCAPE BY THE POLICEMAN.

As the Salvation Army was marching on Denmark Day to the house which was to carry them on their excursion to Canning's grove, a constable drove out from his stand near Place d'Armes Square and blocked the way.

The Salvation men, marching on the right side of the street, as enjoined upon processions by law, and, as to avoid the obstruction, they moved toward the left, they narrowly escaped being run into by an electric car coming from the rear.

Then they moved to go as they had intended, knowing the law was on their side. The constable remained in the way, using abusive language, and when the bandmaster took the horse by the head to back it, he snatched him with his whip. The other carter intervened, and a man of the Army named Ross was struck.

Valkert pulled his comrade Ross away from his assailant. Confusion ensued. A policeman appeared. The Salvationists demanded the arrest of the carter, but the officer chose to arrest Valkert.

The case came up yesterday before the Recorder and lasted till 6 p.m. The Recorder acquitted Valkert and ruled that processions had the right of way when parading the streets on the right side.

The Cloud of Estrangement.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, I am the Lord your God. After the doing of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do, and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do: neither shall ye walk in their ordinances. Ye shall do My judgments, and keep Mine ordinances, to walk therein. I am the Lord your God."—Leviticus xviii. 2-4.

Comrades, if we partake of the empty talk, the useless trifling, or the foolish mirth of the ungodly, in order to show that we can have a good time without being

Bigoted Extremists.

we may please the world by our compromising spirit, but ere long we shall find to our sorrow that our joys become flat and stale.

Great laughter may reward our doings, yet there is no sure way to draw around us the dark, damp, and chill clouds of estrangement from God than to allow our thoughts to wander from the Cross to the garish follies of "a world that is no friend of grace." Under such circumstances power for successful warfare against the combined forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil, becomes enfeebled and dies.

Eloquence may indeed remain, great earnestness may still be exhibited, and we may seem to many to be at our best as we claim to be "more than ever" determined to push on the war.

But when the Holy Ghost whispers, "I am the Lord your God. After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do," etc., and conscience

Holds You in Suspense

as to the propriety of your deportment, then get away at once to the dread audience chamber of Him who "seeth not as man seeth."—1 Sam. xvi. 7.

Pray that the light may be brought to a focus upon your methods of glorifying God, even though discoveries may be made which will lead you to weep bitterly before all is again clear and joyous.

Dramatic piety embellished with art, embellished with elegance, and made attractive by the splendors of refined forms of worship, may yet be deceptive as acts of devotion—these may be more of poetry than of piety in this fascinating performance of the hour, and despondency arises as the natural offspring of our religious romance. Being heavy laden we sigh, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"—Job xliii. 3. Be assured that until all our heart is right with God there can be no true enjoyment in His service.

We must "abstain from all appearance of evil." (1 Thess. v. 22.) We must be filled with the Holy Ghost. We need a heart in which the Godhead reigns supreme moment by moment, hour by hour, then by the grace of God we shall be strong in the Lord for His service, and by the power of His might we may expect to do exploits for God. We shall know in fear; we shall exhibit a spiritual joy that is

Strong, Sweet, Spontaneous,

and inspired by the Holy Ghost. Such manifestations of pure and holy joy make sinners tremble; it puts them in fear by reason of the contrast which exists between the sham and the reality, between pollution and purity.

It Makes Formalists Green,

and hypocrites desire deliverance from the wrath of God, the curse of the law, the jeopardy which they see in, from the death and hell which awaits the ungodly.

Then, let your joys be known! Clap your hands. Shake the glad timbrel. Tell of your sweet fellowship with God, of blissful communion of the soul's sense of nothingness when rapt and swallowed up in God. Oh, that will be a glad day when each of us experiences a transfiguration into the likeness of our Lord as He appeared to Moses and Elias, Peter and James, and John his brother, upon Mount Tabor (Mark. xii. 2). Fearwell, my comrades, let us covet earnestly the best gifts, and still follow on to know the Lord.

ROBERT LAWTON, VINCENNES, IND.

OF MERCY.

was to the General 1000 War Cries with

of reading and number. One man, who stood about his and, many people to say

of reading and number. One man, who stood about his and, many people to say

of reading and number. One man, who stood about his and, many people to say

of reading and number. One man, who stood about his and, many people to say

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Harvest Hands Wanted.

Jesus wants workers. His loving heart yearns over the lost ones as it did long ago, and He is to-day saying, "Whom shall I send?" Will you not rise up and answer as one of old, "Here am I, send me?"

It is recorded of Him that "When He saw the multitude He was moved with compassion, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd," and in love and pity He said to those about Him, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would

Send Forth Laborers

into His harvest." And then in connection with these words, St. Luke tells us that he commissioned seventy of his soldiers to go forth two and two to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. They were to verify the words spoken by Habbakkuk long before—"The just shall live by faith"—for they were to take no shoes, money, nor even staff, and just trust God to take care of them and supply their needs.

If they had begun arguing, as perhaps you have done, about the future, they in all probability never would have started, but they looked to Jesus, His commands and His promises; these were enough for them, and they went forth strong in the Lord.

What Are You Doing

to evangelize the world?

Is not the need in one sense greater than ever? Is it true that much has been done within this past quarter of a century to bring joy and gladness to many a heart that knew little but weariness and suffering; but oh, how much, how very much there remains to do!

It was computed some short time ago that there were upon the face of the earth 116 million Protestants, 190 million Roman Catholics, 54 million belonging to the Greek church, 170 million Mohammedans, 6 million Jews, and 856 million heathen. Think of it!

Is There Not a Need

workers? Is not the harvest plenteous? Why don't you ask God to fit you to become a reaper? If you don't know what to do, what channel to let your mind, and energy, and love run into, pray about it, sit at Jesus' feet until light comes.

Be definite. Come in faith, telling Him you long to work for Him, and He will give you the desire of your heart. Many and many of those sitting in darkness are longing for truth—longing for love, longing for freedom from sin; are groping in blindness and despair, and perhaps you are the very one that God calls to bring to them light and liberty. My brother, my sister,

If He Calls You, Go.

I met a missionary from South Africa not long ago, and he was telling us what a easy matter it was to get the ear of the people if only there was someone to speak to them. They would flock to hear about Jesus.

A good many of us have seen dusky Indians, converts, who would put to the blush any Christian; nay, more, many a Salvationist, their love was so deep, their devotion so great.

But then we can't all be missionaries? Yes, we can. We cannot all have the inestimable privilege of preaching deliverance to the captives abroad; but we can proclaim it to those at home. Do you say "How?" First by our life. The power of example is a very wonderful power. If you want to make people Christlike, be Christlike yourself. If you have the Spirit, you will bring forth His fruit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, and your life will tell on those about you.

There is something more than this wanted, though. Jesus was as beautiful in point of character, as holy, as devoted before He was

Associated for Service

as He was after; but this associating by the Spirit seems to have been necessary, and if so, how much more for us? We, too, must receive powers from above, special power, not only to conquer sin, but to win souls.

Let us make up our minds here and now that

We Shall Be Soul-Winners:

otherwise, what are we? "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Hallelujah!

We don't need much worldly wisdom, great ability, the power of oratory, nor any of these things to be successful. What we do need is the anointing of the Spirit,

Surrey, Albert Co., N.E.—Accompanying this is a brief account and photo of Salisbury & Harey Railway accident, thinking it would be of interest to WAR CRY readers.



The cars fell some thirty feet, and God only knew if we were to be seen alive again, but it has pleased Him to spare us all. One of the passengers and myself are the only ones completely laid by. From the effects of the ankle cord of my left leg being entirely cut off I am at the time of writing these few lines lying in bed, unable to do much of anything.

One thing I do thank God for, that two of us, at least, were prepared to meet Him. Bless His dear name. Hoping, and praying the accompanying photos and enclosed will be seen in the pages of the dear old CRY, I am yours in the salvation Army fight,

Candidate J. THORP MCKAY.



P.S.—The incoming tide floated the cars about quarter of a mile up the river (see photos). I am at present at my home in above address. God bless and spread the war.

The bridge
It was built safe,
One of world's best,
From 'till that spoke too true:
But over it the iron horse
Ran daily till it did go.
It was the 22nd of June,
The year of '94,
The train was hurrying bound and almost there,
No near, but yet so far.

The bridge—
Crash, crash, and down it went:
"Oh God, what is the fate?"
The passenger, with two attached,
Some thirty feet did fall.
Eight precious souls, including all,
Were hurled down within.
Death seemed so sure,
But, ah! 'tis true,
Almighty God was there.

Mary,
I never was shown to all
And, oh!
Is it not quite enough
To move the hardest heart?
To think and serve the God of love
We know not when,
And truth again speaks out
For in the midst of life
We may be found in death.

God
Send His Son
For all mankind,
Oh sinner, hear the call:
This day's toll
God may not allow
To bring us to our homes.
Then, one and all,
This wide world o'er,
Prepare, prepare to meet your God.
Candidate McKay.

much love, genuine sympathy for those about us. Jesus will give us these if we ask Him. And then, whether in our own homes, or in a wider sphere, or it may be in foreign lands, we will find that service is sweet, and that "THE JOY OF THE LORD" SHALL BE OUR STRENGTH.

ERNEST GALE.

A JAMAICAN TESTIMONY.

"WHATEVER may be urged by the OVER sensitive in religious matters against the methods of the Salvation Army, there can be no question as to the fact that the institution is doing a great deal of good in our midst. This was exemplified to the satisfaction of a 'News Letter' reporter by a street incident that witnessed it more thoroughly than could any amount of written claims and statements."

On Sunday evening in one of our principal thoroughfares, he saw a decent looking black girl persecuted with the vilest of unprintable epithets and taunts by a couple of dirty, ill-smelling Jimmy-Boys, who kept pace with her for a distance of over a block. This because she "had done wrong" like the Salvation Army dem. Her past history was that she was in the teeth of the young girl, from which it appeared that the tale had been former

companions in vice. Thus taunted and raved at, and occasionally jostled too, she went on her way answering never a word until the wretched pair tired of their sport and left her.

Then the reporter had his innings, and the following conversation ensued:
Reporter—"I needn't advise you to 'don't mind those wretches, my girl! You do belong to the 'Army'?"

GIRL—"Oh, yes, sir, thank God."

R.—"I suppose this isn't the first time by a long chalk, that you have been molested?"

G.—"I'm quite used to it now, and I don't care. Jesus bore more than that for me!"

R.—"Is it all true what they said about you?"

G.—"Quite true. I was as bad as bad, I only wish I could be as good as I was bad. Even if I minded I couldn't answer them, because it's so true (with a hunkiness in her voice). Good night, sir!"

And she darted round the corner into a lane.

It would certainly seem that an influence capable of producing such a result, cannot be without some substantial basis of good which commands public respect. Behold these Salvationists, how they love one another! Behold the working of their year! Verily by their fruits shall ye know them!"

God's Money Wasted in Smoke.

I wish to enter a strong protest against the useless, senseless, injurious habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. It is indeed a positive waste of the money entrusted to us by God. The wealthy man and the poor man are alike stewards. Whether we acknowledge it or not; whether our income be reckoned in pounds or pennies, all money belongs to God. "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. (Haggai ii. 8.) And, remember, we shall give account of every single copper of our Lord's money.

Smokers, Chewers, Smelters,

how will you like to stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ, and acknowledge that you have spent dollars and dollars on tobacco? You cannot possibly plead that it is even an innocent pleasure. Innocent! Why, tobacco is a strong poison, and you are injuring yourself continually by its use. Give it up, my friend. Do not allow a cloud of smoke to come between you and your Saviour. It may cost you a severe struggle—but, never mind—you can conquer every evil habit by putting your trust in Christ.

Many years ago, I saw in a religious periodical, a picture which impressed me very much as to the wastefulness of using tobacco. The picture represented a cosy office, or possibly library. In a luxurious-looking arm-chair, lounged a young man, puffing away at a cigar. He was in the prime of life, evidently about thirty or thirty-five years of age. In the clouds of smoke, curling over his head, was depicted

A Little Cottage,

The money he had wasted on tobacco would have bought that pretty home. Just such places are needed for our officers' quarters in small, country villages.

Oh, the sin, the wickedness of wasting money that might be turned to such good account in God's Salvation Army.

Smokers, you must shoulder the responsibility. You will be sorry enough for it one day, when too late to do differently. Give it up now in the strength of your Lord. Save the money, and buy a nice little cottage for Christ, in some country village, where there is a new or poor corps of our Army. Can you not hear, in imagination, the Salvation Captain shout? "Hallelujah, I can!"

Are you still in doubt on the matter? Just look up in the face of Christ, and ask, as a child would, "What shall I do, Lord?" He will tell you, obey His voice immediately, and the remembrance thereof will give you pleasure, both in time and eternity.

MARIA SIMMONS.

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

I knew and lived beside one who with money she had saved for the future rainy day, starved herself till the insane asylum became her home.

I know a young man; he started to serve God three years before I did. We fought together a while. He could not understand everything in the Bible, so he got confused and let Jesus go. To-day he is as ignorant as even. I trusted as a child and have had nearly all his questions answered by the experience I have had, and by revelation of God's word: unless we become as a little child we shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Some years ago I was with an officer whose—or like—gifts I very much coveted. He was a musician of about twenty instruments, a good singer and of good appearance; but, it was first the squeak of the violin, then the organ, then the cornet and so on, till he could not find time to feed his soul, consequently he starved his soldiers, failed in his corps, and is to-day a backslider and a hater of the Army.

I went down in the prayer-meeting and spoke to a young fellow. He came and cried for mercy. The next night he sang a solo. I looked on a poor, weak, insignificant lad, and longed for freedom like him. A month went on, and he had got so puffed up that he could not be taught. There was a jar, he fell out, and is a backslider to-day. Nearly seven years have passed and God has kept me and given me freedom, and while I remain at His feet I shall always be kept.

F. M. R.

Do not sow your condemnation of men and things broadcast, individualize. It may not be so pleasant for you, but it will be far more effective than saying the masses or the classes, or other, non-individual terms. Right and wrong are as to the individual, then go to the source—"thou art the man."—JOHN C. RYAN.

Wanderings in Western Ontario.

BY REGINA MARGRETT.

"What has become of the Western Ontario Provincial Secretary? Where are his notes?" do you ask? True, there has not much appeared in the columns of the CRY from his pen of late, but, thank God, he is not dead or dying, neither is he at a loss to find something to write about. Where shall he begin in his present difficulty. No apologies, here goes.

War is being waged, and a straight continual shot is being poured forth into the souls of the foe. The D.O.s, F.O.s, L.O.s, etc., from the great gatherings in Toronto, are diving, driving, and darning with the inspirations, inventions, and increased power they have received. "Up she has got to go," is the unanimous verdict of the West Ontario brigade.

Alas! there is a nervous restlessness about the Salvation kites "Victory," which for a long has been tied to the ground through lack of sufficient power to draw the stomp and "let her go." By slow degrees, however, efforts are increasing, candidates are cropping up, and the time is not far distant when the war will give way, and the "Victory" kite will fly away in fine style. Keep believing.

The Provincial Secretary has been "on the go" a brief note about his wanderings. Lessons has suggested a good deal of his day and attention. The Building Fund has pulled to the amount of \$394.00 this month.

A week-end has been put in at Ingersoll in honor of their anniversary. Staff-Captain Collins and Burge, Gals, visited. Twelve men brought collections and contributions to the relief. A good show of open-air work was a happy feature of the campaign.

Half-nights of prayer have been conducted at Chatham, Dresden, Essex, and Godfrey. A goodly crowd of seekers for pardon and purity has crowded the effort, but that is not all. It would take too long to tell of the visitations, inspirations, and blessings which were showered upon us, as before the Cross we bled, into the red river of His precious blood. Well may "old Daddy" say his hands, "Hallelujah," dance his feet, and carry on. It was quite conceivable, "for Billy" to climb his fist, open his mouth wide, brand into the air, and coming down with a thud shout, "Glory to God! 'Glory to God!' while his feet went clatter-clatter, something like the rattling of the sticks on the head of a snare drum.

Walsenburg was called upon. Captain Lee devotedly played accordion, and the Brigade's chorale made quite a sensation through the streets, and drew a good crowd, but to the open-air meeting and then to the meeting inside was a proper result. There is a project on foot to fix the barracks in a better location, which will materially assist matters, or should do.

I have put a Sunday in at Windsor. We attended to the man who got saved at the day camp just recently in the open-air, of course. There is an open-air stand at Windsor, and some heavy fighting was done there. Two returned for salvation. An old-time, free-spirit may enjoy the proceedings.

Mrs. Margritte, who has been poorly for so long, is on the up-grade, thank God! At the time of writing, she is specializing at Beaufort and Bedford.

"The glorious twelfth" was put in at Wingham. Thousands of people thronged the streets. Into the evening, hot sun was hot, and turned on the Gospel gun, which was being till supper time, after which the sun was removed. One young fellow volunteered for God and got saved. God keep his feet.

New for London. London is to be honored. Mrs. Booth is coming on the 29th and 30th; Major Campbell is coming by car. We shall have music and singing. If you want to have two treats in one meeting, come along at 7:30, "Farewell," and "Me join 'em;" or 8:00, "over," and "WAR CRY."

Editor of these songs will be A. J.; but Mrs. Booth will be A. J. if it is all right. Now, we have a chance to get blessed and happy. Everybody pray and believe for, and push the meetings.

But Mrs. Booth is not going to come with me, being London. She is down for the night, 10th; Berlin, August 7th; Stratford, 10th; Stratford, 17th, and Petrolia, 18th. All hail. Now, we have a shaking up. Keep believing to see something happen.

Remember! We must have more. Why is that? It is so often necessary for God to send His men, withdraw His Spirit, and let



ENSIGN LOWRY, Winnipeg.

A Few Words of Testimony.

"There are treasures in store down here for the cross-bearer and the whole-hearted. We are getting on nicely, souls right along. Our Camp Meetings were indescribable heavenly times! I positively got the glory in my feet. I did dance! This caused a sensation, but others followed until the whole platform, with few exceptions, were there as well. 'Praise God I am ready for anything.' 'To the ends of the earth I will go.' My consolation was all I needed. I have always striven to do my best, but mine is so small. My one desire is to be real; in private, as well as in public, to live Godly. 'I am sure you can become a power for God if you follow on. Look to Jesus. Learn of Him. Be humble and watchful. Temptations will come of a different nature, but grace is flowing to supply all our need. Don't let difficulties or misunderstandings until they become insurmountable, but smile them at once. Get every shore-line cut, every barrier cleared away. Don't let anything break the connection between your private communion with God. Live in the Spirit.'—Extract from a letter.

so many people go on their own resources, backsliders, and miserably fall before they can be got to "obey His voice?" Also, "the cross we must who are out-and-out backsliders from no other cause whatever than disobeying God's voice in refusing to apply, either to become soldiers or officers. What about YOU, my comrades? What are you going to do? Shall you be lost because you would not obey? And the many souls you might win for the Master, what about those?"

The Brigadier is down to visit Timbuctoo, July 29th, and Simcoe, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, winding up the series with a half-night of prayer.

Third Island Cove.—WAR CRY sold out, converts becoming recruits, recruits turning into soldiers, soldiers getting more on fire. SUMMER MEETING very busy. One backslider returned to the fold, and the war proceeded.—Lieutenant THOMPSON.

Trinity.—Although the devil is trying his best to pull us down, God is on our side. Sunday was the crowning time; we went in to defeat the devil. God came very near. At night two precious souls volunteered for salvation. God set them free; they arose to their feet, testifying that God had saved them.—Lieutenant MERRICK, Captain SHERMAN.

Paris.—We have just closed another week with the glory bubbling over in our souls. God is helping us to make it hot for the devil. There was a very sad thing happened here on the 12th of July; one of our dear comrades lost her husband. He was taken from time into eternity in one moment. He was working in a saw mill, and was caught by a belt and killed instantly. His wife and children desire the prayers of all comrades and friends to hear them in this hour of trial.—Captain and Mrs. COCKBURN.

During the past three weeks I have had the blessed privilege of attending A. A. meetings in the village of Marston. God has been working in the hearts of the people. Two dear brothers came out for the Lord and today are proper Salvationists.

A young lad who attended the meetings pretty regularly, while playing foot-ball, got saved, and passed from time to eternity three days after. Commend your feet for his mother.—Wm. R. BLAKE, J. R. B.

La Tuin.—Captain Hopkins and his faithful little band are passing away. There are not any clouds blowing round that way, but you can depend the devil does not have it all his own way. Captain Hopkins believes in visiting, and puts in her full time, or lets us know the reason why. Junior meetings have been started here, and bid fair to be successful.

We don't expect to get away from District Headquarters for some time to visit our comrades, but soul-saving and devil-driving is still going on all round. With faith and fury, BROWN ARTHUR.

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWSY NUGGETS.

SALVATION FLEET A REALITY.

Major Morris and Staff on Board the Fleet.

I have had no opportunity of reporting since my return from Council, as there has been no mail.

It was my privilege to have the company of some of the Canadian party going to the Congress, and it was enjoyed immensely. The day's journey from Montreal was just fine, although very hot, almost more than we could bear.

Brigadier Jacobs, although worn out by constant meetings, interviewed his District Officers, and seemed to be in a state of unrest all the way up. The Salvation War had swallowed him right up, or to quote it right, "The seal of God's house had eaten him up."

Mrs. Jacobs and Ensign Galt were at the station at St. John, N.B., to meet us, all smiles. The meeting was too sacred for me to detail it. I found myself looking in quite an opposite direction than the way in which we were going.

An invitation was given us to proceed to the White House, which, for situation, comfort, convenience and scenery, cannot be equalled in Canada as a Provincial Headquarters. I was prepared to meet a number of young Jacobites; but, oh, my! you would all just imagine that they were holding a Junior's meeting somewhere. When Brigadier was within halting distance, it seemed that every window and door was filled, shouting, "Hallelujah!" then the clamor to get to his knee. We draw the veil over a heavenly scene.

Sunday we spent at Halifax with Captain McRae reviewing the Shelter. Captain was upon his high horse, believing this was to be a great success. It is not to its height, but every day the Salvation Harbor is growing more of a reality, and business is increasing. The needy are learning to use it, and its value is becoming more and more appreciated. The police also, have shaken hands with it, and taken it into the time of day. I wish that they could have heard what the Chief Magistrate in Hamilton said about our work.

This is what we want, facts, facts, facts, new and old. Thank God, we have now once. If people don't believe it, let them visit our Shelters in Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax, and see the Rev. James Hanson; one of them is in St. John, Newfoundland, is progressing beautifully, and has now seven inmates; they have had nine in at one time.

Our trip across the Atlantic was quite an experience, and attended with quite an amount of danger. We steamed into a dense fog,

and remained there some twelve hours. The captain remained faithfully at his post, and keeping the lookout. You can imagine how dense it was, when right in the middle of the day, our steamer, caused by two fishing schooners at anchor, with all hands on deck; we came very close to them. The men shouted and gesticulated to our captain, but he could not make out what they were saying, until the engines were stopped, and then the man on the lookout cried out, "There are breakers ahead." In a moment the high, rocky cliffs appeared, and we were within a ship's length of running ashore. Fortunately we stopped and listened to advice from the fishermen, who understood the course we were pursuing was right ashore, and we were in danger of becoming a wreck. Our speed was such that our engines could be reversed, and our ship and ourselves at once got out of danger.

Our heart went out in love and gratitude to God for saving us from shipwreck upon that barren coast. Only a few miles away, and only a few weeks before, a steamer had gone ashore, which had become a total wreck.

If sinners who would stop, who are as surely running headlong into danger and death, how many precious souls would be saved. Captain—, although commanding a large steamer, listened to some fishermen, whose position was far beneath his own, and by so doing, saved his ship and the passengers on board of her. God bless the fishermen.

Some little time after our ship was due, we passed by the large iceberg stranded near the "Narrows," and the pilot came on board, successfully piloting us through, and mooring us at the dock.

It was a most lovely sight just before we entered the harbor at daylight, to see hundreds of these trollers of the deep plying their calling, their little craft cutting the waves, and bending to the water, skimming the white caps, bearing the fruits of their toil; others laying to at their traps, and others in search of fishing grounds, no doubt one of them with Salvation soldiers on board, who, while sailing over the dangerous deep, were introducing Christ to those who know Him not. Fire a volley for the Newfoundland fishermen.

Brigadier-Captain Tilley and Captain Payne had been keeping watch on the wharf all the night and had given us up, and just returned home a little before we landed.

It was not so at the Provincial Headquarters. Captain Joet was at the top window as a sort of lookout, giving signs to Mrs. Morris, who was trying to snatch a short rest, being worried out with watching for our return.

Good news reached us when we entered, and we had welcome visits from Field and Staff, almost before we could snatch a little rest.

The word was "What kind of a time did you have at the Council?" and my answer to all "Beautiful, in the extreme, excellent, simply grand, some of the best meetings ever held in Toronto."

Assistant Secretary had gone back to Grand Bank, but a letter had been left me requesting me to forward all particulars. I am, however, going to spend a whole week with him, so look out Southern District, for August.

My welcome meetings were on Sunday at 10:15, four souls and a packed place.

While writing this my eye keeps turning toward the window, watching for our new schooner to enter the "Narrows." I fully expect only one week will pass by before our Salvation fleet will leave for their summer's work on the coast of Labrador.

"The Salvationist" will leave with mine on board, five told off to preach and fish. Captain Tilley and his bride, who will be salmon passengers, and Captain Geoby, from the Northern District, who has been here over ever involved in getting this Gospel ship fitted up, will return home in her, accompanied by no less a personage than my humble servant, Major Morris.

The first calling place will be Bonaville, where we will spend two or three days with the whole crew, opening the new barracks; after leaving there calling at three or four other stations.

The little "Glad Tidings" has been repaired and refitted, and Lieutenant Cooper declares that she will not be able to take any advantage of her on the broad Atlantic. You talk about your steamers on the lakes and your lumber brass band in Ontario, but to see our Salvation fleet with colors flying and drum beating, majestically riding the blue sea under the sun of men, will be better than all. When we enter some of the outposts, we shall cause, I believe, many tears to flow, and many a loving message will be sent to the fathers and sons on the coast of Labrador. I understand that some fifteen hundred souls have gone from one place alone, Bay Roberts, to fish this summer; fancy the opportunity. All that we need to complete the navy is our Commandant on the bridge giving the word "Let her go."

"MAJOR READ, speaking about the Portage in Prairie Camp meetings, said: "The whole city was interested in this gathering. A beautiful spirit prevailed amongst the troops, both local and those from other corps. Five soldiers drove eighty miles to the camp, turned their wagon into a dwelling house and sleeping place at night, and returned to their corps with holy men and love for souls."

ENSIGN TIERNEY,

The Children's Friend and Matron of the Blocker Street Home for Canadian Waifs and Strays, interviewed. "Too busy to be Lonesome."

"Ensign Tierney, you are quite a veteran in the Army work?"

"Yes, over eight years an officer, most of which time was spent in beautiful British Columbia and the North-West."

"Where do you hail from?"

"Dartmouth, N.S."

"Have you been in Field or Social work?"

"Six years in Field, and two in Rescue work."

"Have you had any experience with children?"

"While in the Rescue work, my heart was touched for a number of children who seemed to need a friend, and I had a few of them gathered around me, so I had started a Children's Shelter, on a small scale, in Victoria, B.C., before I left for Toronto."

"What kind of children do you have in the Shelter?"

"All kinds, from the rolling-fat, good-natured baby, to the fretful, peevish, and unlovable child."

"What age do you take them in?"

"From six months to seven or eight years."

"Do you educate the children yourselves?"

"We send the older ones to school, and occasionally instruct the younger ones a few primary lessons that their little minds are capable of receiving."

"Do you see any results of real good, apart from their being cared for temporarily?"

"Yes; I believe their character is very much improved by our simple teachings and training; for instance, I noticed one of our boys so much improved in his behaviour, I spoke to him about it, and wanted to know the reason why. He told me he had asked Jesus to make him good, and he said he believed He had, and that Jesus was going to keep him good all the time now. Of course, this is only a slight example of one work among the little ones, and we shall never know how much good they have received until we meet them on the 'Other Shore.'"

"I suppose you have had a number adopted?"

"Yes, quite a number have been sent to good, comfortable Christian homes, while, if they had never been brought to us, they might have been left to grow up in vice and misery."

"Do you have much sickness in the Shelter?"

"Well, no, considering the number of children, and the poor constitutions some of them have. A number of our children are as healthy and robust looking as any children you could find anywhere—perfect little gems."

"Do you find it hard to provide for so many little mouths?"

"Well, the Lord is good; sometimes our faith is tested; but these are a few good, kind friends who don't forget the little waifs in the Shelter."

"I am from the Commandant's Jubilee Scheme, he intends to enlarge the work among the children?"

"Yes, and our faith and works shall help him to see it an accomplished fact. The number of applicants have been many; in a few days our Shelter will be more than full; but then you must remember we are moving, and we shall accommodate a much larger number."

"Mrs. Booth takes a deep interest in your work, does she not?"

"Yes, God bless her; her sympathies have been so practical. Whenever we need any help or advice, I always feel sure Mrs. Booth won't fail, and off I go and pour out my troubles, etc., and always come away inspired and made stronger for my work. The children all love the Commandant and dear Mrs. Booth for many, many reasons."

"How long have you been an officer in the Salvation Army, Captain Graham?"

"Seven years."

"Have you been in the Field or Social work?"

"I have been working for the last six years amongst the French Catholics in the Quebec Province."

"Do you like your present work as well as your other work?"

"It is altogether different in many ways, but as I felt I was in my right place then,

I feel just as much I am in my right place now; it is all God's work whether here or there."

"Did you volunteer for the Shelter, or were you just sent?"

"I volunteered for it. I thought it would be a most delightful place, and I have not been disappointed."

"How did you come to volunteer?"

"When the Lord showed me my work was finished for the time being. Among the French people He showed me the children's work was one of the grandest works, and I think if all people understood this, there would be better men and women in the world to-day."

"Do you ever have any trouble with the children?"

"Occasionally; of course children will be children, and we must expect to have something to put up with, but I consider our children are very good indeed compared with the general quality of children."

"Are you perfectly satisfied?"

"Yes, whether it is to do any household duties, or caring for the children, or teaching them to keep the blessed name of Jesus, He Who takes such an interest in the little ones."

"Well, Lieutenant McCann, had you any experience in the work before coming here?"

"Well, none except what I had while on the 'Flying Squadron' tour."

"Oh, so you were one of those illustrious people that we read so much of in the War Cry? Did your experience in that trip benefit or prepare you in any way?"

"Yes; certain parties seemed to know quite a bit about the training of children, and had some remarkable ideas on that subject, of which they gave me the benefit."

"You seem to be quite happy, but do you think you will tire of the work?"

"I don't think I will, so long as I do it for God and His glory, and as long as He wants me in it, He will enable me to do it for Him."

"You're a blue-blood, are you not?"

"Yes, I hail from that beautiful country called Nova Scotia."

"Being your first experience, and so far away from home, do you not get lonesome?"

"Well, we are so busy in the Shelter with the dear little ones that I scarcely have time to get lonesome or bored, and each day that God does bless and help me, and my only desire I have is to work for Him and to help these poor little children."

"So, Captain Pollett, I suppose you are a new beginner?"

"Yes, I have just been a month here."

"How do you like caring for these poor homeless waifs?"

"I like it splendid in every way."

"Have you ever been accustomed to children before?"

"Yes, I have had a little experience with them, but never cared much for children until I came here, and I fell in love with them right off."

"Did you volunteer for the children's work?"

"No, I applied for the Field, but for some reason was asked if I would come to the Children's Shelter."

"How did you like the idea of coming here?"

"I did not like it at all at first, but since I have come I think it is the best place on earth."

"Do you feel that the Lord blesses you spiritually?"

"Yes; I feel He is teaching me each day more about Himself. I feel I am in my right place, and all I do is for Him. Hallelujah!"

"Well, good-bye. May you prosper in your work, and may you train up all the little ones for God."

Riverside.—Meetings, both outside and in, interesting and inspiring; spiritually deepening. FIVE souls stepped out to claim deliverance since last report. God is blessing so much.—Captain ANDREWS.

Frederickton.—We have been having some wonderful times here. One special feature was a half-night of prayer, in which God came and blessed our souls, and we gave Him the glory for BRIGHTEN presiding over it. Refreshing! Brightest breaks have come and gone. Truly, we have had times that will not soon be forgotten. Attendance to all meetings was large. The Lord spoke to many souls. We are believing to see many of them coming to the Lord.

Our hallelujah team received their commission on Tuesday night, when one of them said good-bye for his appointment. God-speed to him. So we believe, you are sure that they have left a mighty impression behind, making us more than ever encouraged to fight on, and altogether the better for their visit, also leaving forty-one souls rejoicing in being free.—Lieutenant LA COOP.

A CANDLE END.

"I'd bin drinkin' hard all that Sunday, an' on Monday it was 'Trove o'clock afore I was straight enough to get to my work on the line; an' then it was a hard matter, but I knowed I'd get no wages if I didn't."

"At dinner time Mirrie came wif her little basket, an' laid all out so nice for me by the line side. 'You've about finished here, father,' she said; 'trains can pass now can't they?' 'Yes, if they've a mind to, Mirrie,' I said. 'O father,' says she, 'mayn't I tell you what I've been learnin' about at school to-day?'

"My head were giddy, an' I didn't take it in what she said, nor answer her; so Mirrie went on: 'It's about candles, father. We was candles. God made us full of light at first, but Satan put the light out. Then Jesus came, an' d' in Him was light, you know. An' He died on the Cross in the darkness, an' set up a light there, so that 'whoever will' may come and light his candle there by believing on Jesus and trusting Him; an' then 'He shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life'—new life, and life for always. And then we are to shine for Jesus, but other folks may see the light how it comes from the Cross, and find the Saviour, too. Father, you haven't lit your candle yet; won't you?' So earnestly she said it, and her blue eyes filled with tears. But her words filled me with a wild, mad rage. I swore, with a fierce oath, and an angry eye, that never again should she see those words to me—never again! I hardly knewed what I said, but I saw her just take up her basket an' turn away cryin'."

"I couldn't bear that. I followed her heavily and steadily, an' 'scolded' up by myself, an' lay like a load o' lead across the line. Then she must have turned back and seen me, for I heard her come like the wind towards me with a terrible shriek. 'The train, father! the train!' I was dull and sleepy, but that shriek roused me. I was crawlin' away, when I felt a soft little hand pull me by the arm violently."

"I didn't feel or know nothin' more till I came to myself three days after—a bruised and broken man. Then I remembered something, and they told me the next Mirrie had boarded a train coming round the corner from where she stood, and she saw me lyin' just in its way. Forgettin' herself, she rushed back to save father. It was all done in a moment. A crushed little Melan heap was all they found of the brave little lass—died to save me. And I was all bruised and unconscious, but alive. Her shriek had saved me from instant death; I had crept a bit out o' the way. I never saw her again. They had buried her before I came to. O, my little lass, Mirrie! My brave little lass!"

"The next thing they told me was that I should never tread the green earth again—never! That it could be but a few weeks before I was laid by the side o' little Mirrie! I had begged of 'em to let me know all the truth, Mirrie; but it was such a shock when I did know. I thought as I'd never done before. Well, now I've come to death's door, an' will soon be goin' through it, what'll I meet at the other side? An' then it all came before me, my bad, black life an' all. Hopes, and hopes, and hopes as I'd came forgot sweepin' crowding through my mind, as they say things come to a drowin' man—in one dreadful flash. An' with 'em came all the thought—'You've seen little Mirrie now for the last time. There's no bridge over the gulf as separates you from her. You can never get her forgiveness on them cruel words her heart bleeds for. You are lost, an' she is safe—an' both for ever!'

"An' the thought stunned me. I darren't die—there was judgment for allers from all I loved. I darren't die, an' I knew I couldn't live. Ah, what tootin' days an' nights of agony them were! I darren't think, and yet I must think. I darren't sleep for fear never to wake again in this world."

"Now I must tell this awful time, and tell you how the good Lord ended it for me. In a lightning-flash like, one night, as my poor body lay sleepin' beside me, worn out wif a wakin', the words that Mirrie had tried to repeat to me from her Bible lesson came upon my mind—about the candles it was—that last time when my anger scared the little lass away, an' she came back—to die for me! I minded then how she said that He died, the Lord Saviour, on the Cross for the world's sins—all the sins, an' set up a light there, so that 'whoever will' may come an' light his candle there by believing on Jesus and trusting Him; an' He shall have his sins forgiven him; and then he 'shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' O, how well I remembered every word, and I just took it all for myself! The Lord Jesus had died to save my soul, just as Mirrie had died to save my body—the one seemed to throw

light on the other. I turned me to the wall an' prayed—ay, prayed!—for the first time an' I can remember. An' the words didn't seem strange, for they came as straight from my heart. 'O, Lord Jesus,' I said, 'I'm the poorest, vilest, miserablest sinner that ever Thou didst see; but Thou rememberest'—it was 'whoever will'—Lord, that could come an' have their sins forgiven, an' be made straight for heaven! I'm a poor candle, an' I want Thee to light me. An' I believe with all my heart that Thou hast died for me, Lord Saviour.'

"After that the light did come wonderful, an' brighter an' brighter; an' my heart grew so warm and happy, for I knew the Lord had forgiven my sins. An' I did thank Him! When my wife awoke I told her all about it, first to last, and she was glad. She'd bin a Christian long enough herself it seemed, but she'd bin hid under a bushel for fear o' what I should think. 'Now,' says I, 'Bessie, while I have you'll read me all about it, won't you? Get the little un's Bible.' And she did, an' read me the fifty-first Psalm; and an' her heart said 'yes' to every word of it. An' as she was shuttin' the book a little piece o' paper dropped out of it on to the floor. 'Bessie,' says I, 'what is it? It's the little un's head-writing.' 'Ah, Steve,' she says, 'with tears in her eyes, an' leads the way to me. This was with on it: 'Praise, O Lord Jesus, it is my birthday to-day, and I want to ask Thee for a birthday present, to give father Thy salvation, and to make him a bright, shining candle. Let him know how Thou hast died for him—I'd be glad to die myself, I think, if only dear father could be saved, and meet me in heaven.'"

"O how that scrap o' paper went to my heart, an' the ink was blotted here an' there, as it she'd cried a little over it—'my Mother, my Wife,' I said, 'our Mirrie has got her birthday present now, hasn't she, though it's come a little late? Jesus'll be sure to let her know all about it. And I shall see my lassie again up there, an' tell her how I grieved over my last words to her."

"And now, miss, I want to shine for God. Such a poor bit of life I have left—only a candle-end, as it were—but I want it to be his toward God. I got Bessie to call 'Hallelujah.' 'Our Tom,' 'Gump,' an' the rest o' my mates in last night's song, an' I told 'em all about what had come to me, an' begged of 'em not to leave the settlin' o' the chiefest things to the last as I did. There mightn't be time you know; some is took so sudden; an' 'em it's so much more beautiful to have a bit of life to give Him, isn't it, miss? They was touched a bit, I think. I saw 'Our Tom' rub his hand across his eyes, an' find can't to look at hard out o' the window; an' the rest says, 'We'll think on what you say, Steve.'"

"I gettin' very weak now, miss. Be can't be more, now day or two now before the Lord calls for me. I should be glad to be alone a night more for the Lord, but it can't be now. Mirrie's been a real, good life, but He's very gracious. What joyous me in that in the city garden, there'll be no need of candles, you know, for there'll be no night there."

"That was all the dying navy told me. Next time I passed the cottage the blinds were down, and I knew that the peaceful spirit of the rough navy had passed through the gate of death into the paradise of God. I could see, only it at the last, but it, thank God!"

"Darkest England" Workers.

BY ADJUTANT TIERNEY, ENGLAND.

TUNE—Onward Christian soldiers.

Onward Social workers.

With your glorious theme;

Thousands now are happy

Through this noble scheme.

England's poorest people,

Thank the God of heaven,

For our noble General,

And the wisdom given.

GEORGE.

"Darkest England" workers.

On to victory go;

Hear and homes make happy.

Whereas'er you go.

Onward with your Shelters,

For the homeless poor;

From the streets they gather

To your open door.

There they find the comfort,

Which they long have sought;

Gladly working for it,

When of cash they're nought.

Onward with your workshops,

Employing men;

Whom through want of labor,

Long distressed have been.

Loosely you lift them,

By your system good;

And by prayer you bring them

To their Saviour, God.

Coming Events

MRS. BOOTH

Will visit the Forces City and conduct the opening of London New Citadel on Sunday and Monday, July 28th and 29th. She will be assisted by Brigadier and Mrs. Margate, Major Compton, Adjutant Jones, and the District and Provincial Staff. For full particulars see local announcements.

Mrs. Booth, assisted by the Provincial and District Staff, will conduct special meetings at the following places: London, Sunday and Monday, July 28th and 29th; Galt, Monday, August 4th; Berlin, Tuesday, August 14th; Inverness, Thursday, August 16th; Strathroy, Friday, August 17th; Petrolia, Saturday and Sunday, August 18th and 19th.

The Salvation Navy.—Part of Jubilee Scheme No. 45 has become an accomplished fact. The s.s. "William Booth" has been purchased, and will be christened and dedicated to the service of God and the Army at Toronto on Tuesday, July 21st, at the wharf between York and Yonge Streets, at 7:30 p.m., by the

COMMUNALISM AND MRS. BOOTH

assisted by all the Staff and Field Officers in the city. For further particulars see local announcements. The Naval Brigade, under the Commandant, will visit Hamilton, August 1st; St. Catharines, August 2nd; Niagara Falls, August 3rd; Toronto, August 4th and 5th. For further particulars see local announcements.

THE TORONTO PROVINCE.

Look this way. Brigadier and Mrs. de Harritz, assisted by Messrs. and Mrs. Tupper, will conduct great Camp Meetings in Toronto Province as follows: Corbin's Point, August 1st to 12th; Lindsay, August 14th to 26th; Cambridge, August 22nd to 27th; Toronto, August 28th to September 1st. A real red hot series of meetings will be arranged for, comprising musical meetings, religious meetings, and salvation meetings in wind up with a real candidate boom. All candidates to report themselves to Brigadier de Harritz. Messrs. and Mrs. Tupper to the front. Tests for him at reasonable rates.

Musical "Simoon" at the Temple, Toronto, Monday, July 28th, 8 a.m. Brigadier de Harritz in command, assisted by Messrs. Tupper and city officers and corps. New music from the band; new songs and songs of other new things.

Excursion from Ferry Sound to Midland, August 2nd.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Jacobs will conduct Camp Meetings at Truro, July 27th to 30th. Brigadier Jacobs, District and Field Officers of Truro, New Glasgow and Spring Hill will take part. Single fare from all stations on the L.C.N. Camp Meetings at Truro, August 2nd to 5th. Brigadier Jacobs and District Officer will take part. Single fare from all L.C.N. stations.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE.

Fierce onslaughts, terrific encounters, desperate battles, crises for mercy, open-air manoeuvres, happy marches, war, victory and glory. Major and Mrs. Reed (Provincial Secretary) will visit and conduct special meetings at Edmonton, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. The Major will be assisted at the great meetings by Adj. and Mrs. Archibald, Vancouver, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 3rd, 4th and 5th; New Westminster, Monday and Tuesday, August 6th and 7th; Kamloops, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 8th, 9th and 10th; Victoria, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th. The Major will bring with him a trunk of Army uniforms and literature, and all candidates should make themselves known to either Mrs. Reed or the Major. This is important.

THE EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Adjutant Rogers's Tour.—Newwood, Sunday, Sunday and Monday, July 28th, 29th and 30th; Campbellford, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 31st and August 1st; Trent, Thursday and Friday, August 2nd and 3rd; Belleville, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 4th, 5th and 6th; Deseronto, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 7th and 8th; Niagara, Thursday and Friday, August 9th and 10th; Oshawa, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 11th, 12th and 13th.

Adjutant Manton's Tour.—Fort Terry, Monday and Tuesday, July 30th and 31st; Stouffville, Wednesday and Thursday, August 1st and 2nd; Unionville, Friday, August 3rd; Markham, Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th; Toronto, August 6th.

Captain Crook's Tour.—Walsburg, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 28th, 29th and 30th; August 1st; Etobicoke, Thursday and Friday, August 2nd and 3rd; Bothwell, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 4th, 5th and 6th; Strathroy, Tuesday, August 7th.

MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS.

General's Jubilee Number.

His Yoke is Easy. Jesus Lives. Take it all. Come, Redeemed. From the Nations. The Lord will Pardon You. Warning Voice. Jesus, Friend of Sinners. Marching Through the Land. That Beautiful Home. The Flag of the Lord. Always Looking unto Jesus. Jesus Gave My Ransom to be—10 cents.

Five more German corps in the United States are to be opened in connection with the Jubilee Scheme.

The first month's special Jubilee fighting in India resulted as follows: Prisoners captured, 950; soldiers enrolled, 435; candidates received, 40. Fire a volley!

The wooden shanty at the South African Social Farm, that has done much excellent duty in the way of sheltering the shelterless, has gone. Staff-Captain Burfoot and his men raised it to the ground one Tuesday in order that the new building might spring up in its place. "Springing up" comes to be the correct term to use for the new building is being got up with surprising rapidity.

SONGS FOR ALL MEETINGS.

Jesus, My Friend.

BY LIEUTENANT KEMP.

TUNE—Down in the garden. (B.J. 67.)

1 I've found a Friend so dear to me
A Friend that's always true;
Though rough and dark my path may be,
This Friend will help me through.

CHORUS.

Friendship with Jesus,
Fellowship divine;
Oh, the blessed sweet communion,
Jesus is a Friend of mine.

I've found a Friend in trial's hour,
To help me with His love;
He'll help me with His wondrous power,
Till I reach my home above.

I've found a Friend that makes life bright,
He chooses me on my way;
Christ is this Friend, He is my light,
He is my strength to-day.

Have you this Friend to bear upon,
He waits to be your guide,
And all along through life's short stay
In Him you may abide.

The Old Chariot.

BY A. R. JONES, KENTVILLE, N.S.

TUNE—We'll roll the old chariot along. (B.J. 82.)

2 This chariot of ours is not built of
wood and steel,
Faith and love, peace and joy are the spokes
in every wheel,
And the power that roll it on are salvation,
fire, and zeal,
But we don't drag on behind.

CHORUS.

We'll roll the old chariot along, etc.

This chariot makes its trips from Hell's
mouth to Golden Gate,
Precious souls saved from sin are its pas-
sengers and freight;
If you want to get ahead swing your arm
and we will wait,
But don't drag on behind.

CHORUS.

When the wheels are in a rut, and we're
almost standing still,
And the wise ones looking on say we're
sure to get a spill,
With our shoulders to the wheel we will
push it with a will,
But we won't drag on behind.

A Happy Crowd.

BY CAPTAIN WEL. CUMMINGS, GEORGETOWN,
P. E. I.

TUNE—Come in, my Lord, come in. (B.S.
27, B.J. 46.)

3 We are a happy crowd,
As it is plain to see,
You know our lives and characters,
And what we used to be.

Some of our soldiers brave
Around the streets did go,
In sin, and vice, and wickedness,
And with bad run o'erflow.

CHORUS.

But now the Lord has saved
Us from such lives of sin,
And we have love, and joy, and peace,
With Christ enthroned within.

And then those sinners three
Were proven I do declare;
In dress and wickedness, you know,
They all could do their share.

But God has saved their souls,
And now plain lives they live,
For what they were and what they are
To God they glory give.

2ND CHORUS.

The Lord He has come in,
He's made our hearts His home;
In sin, and wickedness, and pride,
No longer we will roam.

And can you wonder now
Why we should happy be,
When all our lives they have been
changed.

From what they used to be?
We form the ——— corps (insert name of
corps).

Of soldiers loyal, brave,
Who run the standard boldness
With victory o'er the grave.

Are You Saved?

BY W. H. KIRKIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—Sweet by-and-by. (B.J. 28.)

4 Oh, are you Christian? I we ask,
Is your name in the Lamb's book
above?
In the sunlight of God do you bask?
Is your soul filled with goodness and
love?

CHORUS.

Are you saved? Are you saved?
If the Master should call you to-day
Are you saved? Are you saved?
Are the sins of your heart washed away?

Do you know what it is to be free
From all habits of vice, lust and sin?
Ours the Lord looking down on you see
That your life has been made pure and
clean?

If the angel of death were to come
To the door of your chamber to-night,
Would you go to the Christian's bright
home,
Or be banished away from its light?

BY A. CALGARY RANDSHAN.

TUNE—Annie, dear, good-bye (from the
Scandinavian war); or, Grand Salvation Plan.
(B. J. 67.)

5 I'm a soldier on the battlefield,
I'm not afraid to die,
I mean to follow all the way
And raise the banner high;
Sins of years are washed away,
The past has been forgot,
For Jesus now I'll take my stand
Where'er may be my lot.

CHORUS:

For Jesus now I fight,
For Jesus now I fight,
Sins of years are washed away,
For Jesus now I fight.

CHORUS TO "GRAND SALVATION PLAN."

For Jesus now I mean to fight,
For Jesus now I fight,
My sins have all been washed away,
For Jesus now I fight.

By our Commandant we are led,
Our dear old General's son,
Who in the past hard fight has seen
But has the victory won;
Sometimes the path seems dreary,
Sometimes the way is lone,
But by His grace I'm pressing on,
For God's will must be done.

Oh, dinner, just a word to you,
The time is drawing nigh
When very soon you will appear
Before the Throne on high;
You'll hear the Judge pronounce that
word,
That awful word "Depart!"
And you will then be turned away
To hell, where all is dark.

Oh, dinner, come to Jesus,
He will not say you nay,
He's promised that He'll never
Turn a seeking soul away;
Your sins will be forgiven,
The blood will be applied,
And you will go to heaven,
If you in Him abide.

Trusting.

BY BIRNY PARKINSON, P. L. A. P.

TUNE—Oh, what shall the harvest be?

6 Trusting in Jesus for all we need,
Trusting in Jesus to make us quite
whole;
Trusting in Jesus when all seems dark,
Trusting in Jesus when all is bright.

CHORUS.

Oh, what shall the harvest be? (Repeat)

Trusting in Jesus to drive back fear,
Trusting in Jesus when Satan's near;
Trusting in Jesus when friends do fear,
Trusting in Jesus when friends are near.

Trusting in Jesus to save from sin,
Trusting in Jesus to keep me clean;
Trusting in Jesus when tempted sore,
Trusting in Jesus for grace each hour.

Trusting in Jesus to keep me right,
Trusting in Jesus with all my might;
Trusting in Jesus we're taught to fear,
If He should come this very hour.

Time is Short.

BY SERGEANT JESSIE LIDSTON, ST. JOHN'S,
N. F.

TUNE—God is near Thee. (B.J. 89.)

7 Sinner, your time is swiftly passing,
Soon you'll be called to meet your
God;
How will you meet your blessed Saviour
When the broad road you have trod?

CHORUS.

God is near thee, tell thy story, etc.
Now, sinner, turn and seek your Saviour,
In words of love He's calling thee;
No longer spurn His offered mercy,
Come now to Him and be set free.

No longer waste your time and talents,
In sin and shame the past has been;
To-night may seal your doom for ever,
Come now to Christ, forsake your sin.

Fight and Win.

BY "THORNTON," STRATFORD.

TUNE—Shout aloud salvation, boys.

8 We are Salvation soldiers,
As happy as can be;
We're not afraid to own our Lord,
Who set our spirits free.
Who gave us life, and joy, and peace,
And glorious liberty,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

CHORUS.

Amen, Amen! Salvation soldiers cry;
Amen, Amen! no echoes through the sky;
We'll fight and win, and we'll give it;
We conquer if we die,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

Some people say it's very wrong
To march about and sing;
But we do it for the glory
Of our precious, Heavenly King.
And tell the world of Jesus' blood,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

And when we get a glory-shed,
They tell us we are mad;
They say religious folks
Should always look so very sad.
But since the Lord has set us free,
We shout when we are glad,
Sweeping through the portals of glory.

"HULLO!"

(AN AMERICAN SOCIAL BALLAD.)

W'm you see a man in woo
Walk right up and say, "Hullo!"
Say, "Hullo," an' "How d'ye do!"
How's the world a-sailin' you?
Snap the fellow on the back,
Bring yer hat down with a whisk,
Walk right up, an' don't go slow,
Orin an' shake and say, "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rage? O ho!
Walk right up and say, "Hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton robe,
Just for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hole an' hearty "How d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say, "Hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They meet an' sail away,
Just the same with you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon the sea,
Each one sailin' his own jag
For a port beyond the fog;
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn an' cry, "Hullo!"

Say, "Hullo," an' "How d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you;
W'm ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far away,
W'm ye travel through the strange
Country fether side the range,
Then the souls ye've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say, "Hullo!"

—From the South American Salvation
Army Social Journal.

Picton.—Well, how-do-you-do, Was Ory!
You have not heard from me for quite a long
time. Being so busy has been the cause of
neglect. After going through banquet and
Floral Services, and Councils, and pious and
special meetings of all kinds, and having so
Leutenant, thank God, I am nicely moved
from sin, hallelujah, and now orders have
come to harvest from this beautiful town,
Picton. It is not the beautiful house or the
beautiful scenery, but it is the beautiful
people which cause one to admire the town.
Although the scenery is grand, this is the
spot for tourists. Well, thank God, we have
seen quite a number of souls saved, and that
is the purpose for which we live. Thank God
—Captain E. C. KERRALL.

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VOL. X. No. 44. [Continued]

OUR

The Editor's

"Well-earned" is the ve
Their full total of service

MAJOR STREETON,
Financial Secre